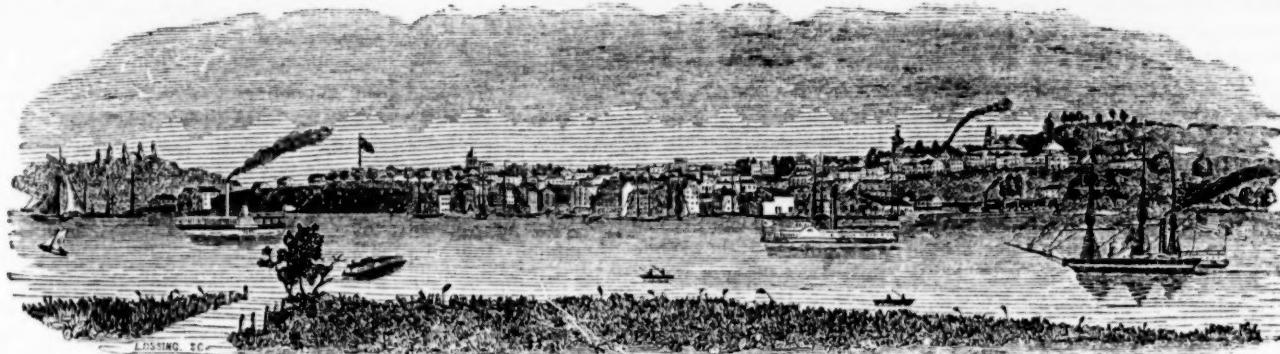


# RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1845.

NUMBER 14.

## PORTRAIT OF AKBAR KHAN.



AKBAR KHAN is the son of Dost Mahomed, who was deposed by the Anglo Indian government. While his father reigned in Afghanistan, he held the important post of governor of Jellalabad, and was high in rank in the army; and distinguished also for daring personal courage. That his striving to regain his power should put his character in bad odor with English authorities is not surprising. That he is treacherous and cruel there can be no doubt, but he is to be tried for such faults by the characteristics of his nation; not by our code. When all the truth is known, it may appear that there was treachery attempted, if not practiced, on both sides, in the recent affairs of the Scinde; and until we hear both sides it is unfair wholly to condemn the native Indians.

The deed which has brought his name before the

world is the murder of Sir William McNaughten when he was engaged in treating with Akbar, under the fancied security of a flag of truce. In connexion with this subject we publish an interesting letter giving the origin of this last Afghan war.

"*Banks of the Indus, 4th April, 1842.*

"I had almost forgot to give you an anecdote of the origin of the Afghanistan outbreak, which is no less singular than true. Will you believe it that woman was the remote origin of all the disasters that have occurred there? It appears that Captain O——, in a morning call on Lady McNaughten, by way of badinage, asked her if she had heard of the presents Sir William had received at Cabool. 'Presents,' said her Ladyship, 'I have only just received his last letter, and he mentions nothing of the kind. What are they, shawls, or furs, or jewels?'

Stupid man, he never alludes to such things, although he knows how much I like them.' 'Oh no,' replied O——, 'they are none of these; but perhaps ——?' 'Come, come,' cried the lady, 'there is some mystery, and I insist upon your telling me.' 'Well, if you insist,' said the Captain, 'the Shah has made McNaughten a present of twelve slave girls.' 'Slave girls!' roared Lady M——. 'Yes,' replied O——; 'however Sir William would not have them all, and returned eight; retaining only four.' Lady M—— was evidently excited and in ill humor, and O—— took his leave. In a furious passion her ladyship flew to her writing desk, and dashed off six pages of anathema on poor Sir William, which soon after reached the Government in the shape of a most bulky despatch, to go with the official despatches to Cabool. It was duly buried, which

may account for poor Sir William being quite at a loss to comprehend the sulky snubbing letters he subsequently received from his lady, and the sudden determination she had formed of joining him at Cabool. Such resolve she had made, and no remonstrance of persuasion could disuade her from her purpose. The consequence of her intention to join her husband was, that many other ladies were induced to look after theirs, and joined her in journeying through Affghanistan. You have heard of the repeated acts of insurrection of the Ghilzie chiefs, some of whom had been pardoned, but with the reservation that they resided in Cabool, near the throne, instead of on their mountains. When Sir William Mc Naghten was appointed Governor of Bombay, it was necessary that he should proceed to Feazorpoor to descend the Indus to Bombay, and as the Ghilzie, passes and mountains were in a very unsettled state, the ladies vowed they would not move unless the Ghilzie chiefs under surveillance at Cabool were directed to accompany Sir William's camp, that their influence might be exerted with their tribes to keep the road free of molestation or plunder. When the desire of the envoy was intimated to the chiefs, they immediately suspected that it was some ruse to carry them off to Hindooston, and to imprison them, as the Kakeer chief, Hadjee Kher, had been in the fort of Chunur. They, therefore, held a consultation in the city, when it was resolved, that they would rather die than be led into captivity to India; that they would attempt an insurrection in the city which should implicate all parties, and from a small spark burst into a flame. It was determined to murder Sir Alexander Burnes, plunder his house, in the heart of the city, and the treasury, which, in the infatuation of the politicals, was placed next door to his residence. All was arranged, Sir Alexander was murdered, the treasury forced and plundered; blood once shed the excited passions of the Mussulmen were not allowed by the priests and Ghazies to slumber; the city rose in open insurrection, and was shelled from the Balla Hissar for some days. The news spread to the remotest valleys, and all flocked to share in the plunder of it, or in the destruction of the Feringhees. The Ghilzies of the Khoord Cabool Passes rose en masse, and every valley, and hamlet, and sheep farm turned out its sword or matchlock now to man the heights along which Sir Robert Sale was at this very time traversing with his brigade on his return to India, in the cause of relief—the last remnant of the army of the Indus. Every thing had been reported as in a state of profound tranquility. The brave old man had to fight his way for eight days through the passes to Jellalabad, where he has been beleaguered ever since. The murder of Sir William Mc Naghten—the destruction of the Cabool fort—the imprisonment of the ladies in the fort of Lugham—the defeat of Wild's brigade—all may be traced to this silly story of the slave girls. What a subject for writers on human passions! Without moralizing, however it proves the folly of allowing women of any rank to join or accompany an army in an enemy's country."

**HOW TO MAKE BOOTS LAST.**—We have been politely favored by our boot maker with the following recipe to make boots last.—Melt one third part of mutton fat, and one third part of sweet oil, to which add one third part of rosin. Give the boots a thorough application and then wrap them in flannel—stow them away in your trunk, and be careful of them.

## TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE BANDIT'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the White Mountains.

BY CLARK W. BRYAN.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE New England States are noted for their two ranges of mountains—the Green Mountains extending through the whole length of the State of Vermont, and the White Mountains stretching themselves through the northern part of the State of New Hampshire—two as lofty and beautiful ranges of mountains, as can be found in the United States. The scenery of both is grand and sublime in the extreme, and whether covered with the verdant cloak of Summer, or whitened with the snows of Winter, present to the eye of the beholder a scene of attraction and grandeur. The incidents upon which the following story is founded, occurred on and in the vicinity of the White Mountains, a range which contains some of the highest peaks to be found in our country; that of Mount Washington, which is the highest, being 6,634 feet above the level of the sea. Imagination may form something of an idea of the beauty of the scenery comprehended in the almost boundless view from the summit of the highest points of this lofty range of mountains, but to be appreciated according to their worth they must be seen with the naked eye. The green foliage of the mountain side extending to its very base, where it meets the plain, covered with the same luxuriant dye of nature, and spreading itself far away in the distance, here and there specked with the beautiful silvery lakes, and purling streams, with which New England abounds—spotted with neat and lovely farm-houses, and occasionally a small village nestled quietly down in some romantic spot, is a fit subject for a lover of nature to feast upon, and scarcely to be equalled by the much talked of Italian or Sicilian scenery. From the towering height of Mount Washington, may be seen at no great distance, five peaks bearing the respective names of Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson. In the vicinity of these is found "The Notch," a deep and extensive ravine, dividing the mountain for some distance, and forming on each side a wild and almost frightful appearance. In this "Notch" there now stands the remains of a dwelling-house and out-buildings where once resided a family by the name of Willey, who were in the year 1826, killed by a slide from the mountain above the dwelling, the tracks of which are visible to this day. To the west of the "Notch" spreads a sublime range of high mountains surrounded as it were at their tops by the clouds. The peaks in this direction though not as high as those before spoken of, command an extensive and picturesque view. The eye wanders away in the long, dim distance of the hazy atmosphere, and like the mind's eye when taking a glance at future years, unable to discover with any distinctness what lies beyond your immediate comprehension.

There are on this range various caverns of different sizes and all descriptions, but the mountains around them are so very difficult of ascent, that they have seldom been visited. On the eastern side of these mountains, at some distance from the "Notch," there is a cave known to a few of the oldest inhabitants of that vicinity, by the name of the "Bandit's Cave." This name was given to

it from its having once been the home of a large and powerful banditti, that spread themselves over the surrounding country, plundering all property of any value, that could be obtained by stratagem, violence and force—a source of annoyance and terror to the people. The cave was a very large one, consisting of various apartments and cavities, which the banditti, had formed into rooms suitable for their purpose. The entrance to it was so secluded that a person might pass within a few feet of its mouth, and yet not discover it. From the entrance to it a person could stand and view the mountain side, taking in at the same time, a large portion of the plain below, while directly at his feet was a precipice of some fifty feet, and almost perpendicular. One side was protected by the rock that formed the entrance to the cave projecting from a high point over head and gradually descending to the brow of the precipice, thus forming an insurmountable barrier to admittance from that side, while the other side, the only place where an entrance could be made, was thickly overgrown with underbrush, so thickly matted together, that a passage through it was next to impossible; but the banditti had made an opening whereby they could enter by parting the boughs, passing through, and then letting them fall back to their original position, and no one would discover that it had ever been disturbed. Thus guarded, they were not under the necessity of placing upon their door the words so much disliked by busy bodies—"No Admittance."

Farther down the mountain, in a very secluded spot, there stands a rude log cabin surrounded with trees and bushes to such an extent that it was hidden almost entirely from view, and could be seen at only one or two particular points far above it, one of which was at the mouth of the cave. This house, originally built for the accommodation of some laborers upon the mountain, was once the residence for a short time, of the family of the leader of the band that had their home in the cave above described.

Charles Anson, was the only son of a wealthy merchant, in one of the New England States, and like most children under the same circumstances, was petted and spoiled while in youth, becoming before he had scarcely entered his teens, Governor and Chief Magistrate of the family, himself seldom, if ever corrected; consequently he grew up to manhood, a headstrong and wilful youth, his passions and desires unconstrained and uncontrolled, exercising his own will and pleasure at all times, and upon all occasions.

He early became enamored of a young lady, whose beauty of person and amiability of manner, had won the better feelings of his heart, and with all his faults he could not but appreciate her worth and loveliness. She, in the mean time, was drinking draught after draught from the goblet of Love, little dreaming that there was coiled in the bottom of the cup a poisonous and deadly serpent, that would strike death to her heart's best hopes, and embitter the close of her life, which had opened with so much sweetness and promise, with trouble and sorrow; that would strew her path with thorns, which had in early life been spread with flowers. He paid his addresses to her, was accepted and married. For a time, the sun of prosperity and happiness shone forth upon them with much splendor and promise, but a black and threatening cloud, hidden in the long, dim distance of time, was slowly rising, and darkening the sky of their life. His love it might have been said was lost at his mar-

riage. His youthful associates and practices, instead of being diminished, were now increased, and but a short time had elapsed ere his dislike for home, and the society of her whom he had sworn to love and protect became too evident to be misunderstood. She now found that he in whom she had garnered her bosom's best affections, was utterly unworthy of them. It is not to be supposed that a knowledge of her real condition coming as it did, at a time when the tide of prosperity was at its utmost height would in no wise affect her. The tender flower bent beneath the chilling storm. His recklessness, and gambling-table associates, drew from him all the money that he could command, and he made repeated calls upon his father, till he had nearly ruined him, when assistance was denied him from that quarter, and feeling no inclination to abandon his present mode of life, the whole bent of his mind was now given to contrive some means by which he could be supported. After endeavoring to practice several schemes of fraud and crime to supply his wants, he, with a number of his associates hit upon the expedient of forming a band of robbers. In this, a large number were ready and willing to co-operate, and as he possessed a stout and robust frame, and a strong constitution, together with a resolute and fearless spirit, he was chosen as the leader of the band.

About the time this association was formed, his wife gave birth to a daughter, which awakened in the mind of its mother a hope that it would be the means of creating in him a desire for home, and a love for the society of virtuous friends, and reclaiming him from his downward course. But these hopes, like all others, which she had cherished, were doomed to wither and fade before her eyes. He now informed her that it was his intention to remove to a distant village, but for what purpose he did not state, and as soon as she was able to endure the fatigue of a journey, she was removed to the cabin on the mountain. Under the pretence of establishing himself in business at a distance, he left their relatives and friends without any knowledge of their whereabouts. Here she lived, shut out from the world, with no society but that of her infant child, with such of her husband's time as was not devoted to his daily routine of wickedness. Her time was mostly occupied in watching over her child, and providing for the wants of her husband. The remainder was given to weeping over her unhappy fate. Day after day thus passed on—the same monotonous round of daily duty was performed—the same feelings were realized from the rising to the setting of the sun, and the same pillow was nightly bedewed with the tears of this broken-hearted being. But for her child, she would have many times wished that she was the occupant of that receptacle for all beings—the silent tomb.

She had been alone with her child for nearly a week, and within that time, the sound of a human voice had not greeted her ear, when one evening, just after the sun had set, and nature was hushed in the stillness of night, and a threatening storm was rising in the western horizon, she heard his footsteps at the door. As he entered, she gave a terrible shriek, and endeavored to raise herself from the stool on which she was sitting, but her strength failed her, and she fell back into her seat, covering her face with both her hands, to hide from her eyes the horrible spectacle before her. She sat thus for a moment and then rose to administer to his wants. His clothes were almost literally torn from his body, his

face cut in several places, and the blood was oozing out of his wounds, and running down over his body. A glance sufficed to show that he was intoxicated. She assisted him to bed, dressed his wounds in the best possible manner, and then sat down to watch by his pillow, alone as it were, in a mountain wilderness—the darkness of night hovering over her, the wind sweeping fearfully by the cabin, and at every gust, increasing with demon-like fury, and mingled with large quantities of rain—rendering her home gloomy and dismal without, while trouble and sorrow had proclaimed themselves masters within. The night passed slowly away, morning at length dawned, followed by the rising sun, which as it broke through the clouds, greeted her sleepless eyes with his radiant beams, and showed that the storm of the preceding night had passed away, and gave promise of being succeeded by a pleasant day. But there was no evidence of any such change in her circumstances. The lowering sky that had been gathering over her head grew darker and darker, and the storm that had just begun to rage around her, would in all probability rage on with increased violence till it should sweep her from the shores of time into the ocean of eternity. The effects of the liquor that Charles had drank the preceding day had now subsided, and he was enabled to relate the story of his misfortune. He had left the cave, just at sunset, thinking to reach the cabin before it would be very dark, but in consequence of being intoxicated, he had become bewildered, and lost his way. His step being unsteady, he had fallen several times among the rocks and stones, and thus received the wounds and bruises upon his body. He now made known to her his intention to remove her to the cave, where he said they would be less liable to be discovered. In a short time his wounds were healed sufficient to permit him to leave the cabin, and make his way to his gang, with the promise of returning in a few days for his family. As soon as he had gone, Mrs. Anson sat down, with her infant on her lap, and the warm tears of motherly affection bedewing its innocent face, to reflect upon what course it was best for her to pursue. She felt that she could never consent to take up her abode with a band of lawless robbers, and rear her child amid the scenes that were enacted among them; she also knew that she could never reconcile it with her sense of propriety to do this, and yet what else could she do? could she leave her husband—him whom she had sworn to love as long as life should hold out, and him whom she did love, notwithstanding all the ill-treatment she had received from him. Could she break the tie that bound them, and leave him forever? If she could do this, where could she go? She had incurred the displeasure of her parents, in marrying, and had not darkened their doors since she first became the bride of Charles Anson, and she was fearful that she should receive no assistance from that source. Thus situated, she felt that cold words and frowns from her parents would be but the filling up of her cup of sorrow to the brim, and therefore she could not consent to place herself before them, in the humiliating posture of a mendicant asking assistance. She sat for a few moments, ruminating upon her painful situation—first her anxiety for the welfare of her child, seemed to have the ascendancy of her mind, and then her love for her husband, and the hopes she entertained of his yet being reclaimed, seemed to bear sway, and she was almost determined to stay with him, and share the disgrace and dishonor which he had already

brought upon himself. Such is woman's love? But as the scene of beastly intoxication which she had but recently witnessed, came vividly up before her, she determined at once to leave the Mountain, and trust to Providence for a home for herself and child. She had but few preparations to make for her departure, and was soon ready, when taking her child in her arms, she knelt by the side of the lowly couch where she had often knelt, and offered up a fervent prayer to Almighty God, humbly imploring his protection on herself and her lovely infant.

Who is there that could have looked upon this scene with dry eyes, and an unfeeling heart? If there is such a being to be found, in this wide world, he is unworthy of the name of human. Alone in the wilderness, with nought to love or care for but her child; far away from friends and home, and exposed to cruel treatment, from one to whom she had looked to for protection and support through the trials which beset life's pathway—the wife of an inebriate, a robber, and a hard-hearted wretch. She reproached him not. Not one word of complaint was uttered in that short prayer. She prayed to God to guide her in her present undertaking, and for a blessing on the head of her wayward husband and then rising from her knees with a serene countenance, and a steady eye, evincing a determination to pursue the course which she had just resolved upon, turned and left the cabin trusting to God to find friends to take care of her child, in case her days should not be lengthened out to watch over her and guide her, herself; and she was fearful that her troubles would weigh upon her spirits till they would bring her to an early grave. Her face was now turned towards the foot of the mountain, where she arrived after much toil and trouble, from whence she traveled on mile after mile, with her child in her arms, until she came near the suburbs of a beautiful little village, where she resolved to leave her child, and trust her future welfare to him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," then rolling the infant snugly in her shawl, she noiselessly opened the gate, and entered the yard surrounding a large, and comfortable looking house, carefully laid her child before the door, gave it one last fond embrace, and placing a piece of paper with the name of "Helen" upon it, by her side, turned with tears in her eyes and left the yard. She retraced her steps for some distance, until she arrived at a neat looking farm house by the roadside, where she asked permission to stay through the night, which was readily granted.

The house where the infant Helen had been left, was the residence of a rich old bachelor by the name of Timothy Ruggles, but who was generally known by his neighbors, by the more vulgar appellation of "Old Rugg." In fact, two-thirds of the people of the village scarcely knew that he was the owner of any other name. His family consisted of a maiden lady of some thirty years of age bearing the name of Hitty, which was but a modern abbreviation of the more ancient name, Mehitabel, who was chief servant, or rather chief mistress of the house, (for she took it upon herself to see that all went right throughout the household) two outdoor servants, and himself. The temper and disposition of Hitty was not of the mildest caste, and she very often found occasion to manifest her ill-temper upon the servants, when out of the old gentleman's presence. She had lived a long time with "Old Rugg," and knew that he had a goodly share of this world's goods laid up in store for some

one, and she could not conceive why she was not entitled to a portion of it, inasmuch as she had been an inmate of his house, and a slave to his whims for a great number of years, and he had not, that she knew of, a relative in the whole world.

Early the next morning, "Old Rugg," as was his usual custom, arose for the purpose of taking his morning walk, and dressing himself, he took down his broad-brimmed hat, which always hung in a certain place in his kitchen, except when upon the owner's head, and which had for many years protected his bald head, alike from the scorching sun of Summer, and the storms of Winter, and placing it upon his head, he sallied out. As he opened the door, the bundle upon the mattress attracted his attention, and he stooped to pick it up, and move it out of the way, thinking it to be a bundle of clothes, but the weight of it told him that it was composed of something besides cloth, and he sat down to examine it. While he was busy with his hands unrolling the bundle, his mind was revolving the probability of some fairy's leaving him a roll of silver, and taking this curious method of transmitting it to him. But before his expectations had been raised to too high a pitch, the shawl was unrolled, and out peeped a smiling infant. The old gentleman did not seem to be at all displeased with the result of his golden dream, for he smiled, and dandled the child on his knee, making however, as all old bachelors do, a very awkward appearance.

Hitty was soon aroused, and the child consigned to her care while "Old Rugg" proceeded on his morning walk. When he returned he found his house-keeper in no very pleasant mood. A new idea had struck her mind. She was fearful the old gentleman would keep the child, and adopt it as his own, and should he do this, it would probably be the means of loosening the hold which she vainly imagined she had upon his golden affections. She determined to sound him upon the subject, and as soon as they were seated at the breakfast table, she very pertinently asked him if he intended to keep the child.

"Keep her," exclaimed he, "certainly I intend to keep her. Who is better able to keep her, and take care of her than I am? and as long as I am as able as I am now, she shall not want for friends or home."

This was a death-blow to Hitty's hopes. If the child was adopted as his own, she would, in all probability inherit his property, leaving the large dower which she had long had in view for herself minus, and she tartly replied.

"Well, children can be found at all times, if a person wishes to adopt one as his own, without taking up with an outcast, and raking the highways for whatever may happen to be left there to die."

"It is my determination Miss Hitty," replied he, "to adopt the child as my own, and if the trouble which it will cause in bringing up should prove too much for you, you are at liberty to leave my service at any moment you choose."

This reply had the effect of silencing her and she did not venture to speak again upon the subject. She saw in a moment that she had touched a tender chord, when she stigmatized the child as an outcast.

She had for some time been receiving the addresses of the village schoolmaster, an old bachelor, who had the ill-will of his scholars, and a majority of the villagers. He was avaricious in the extreme,

his whole study being how he could turn this and that to the best account. Piety and virtue were secondary objects with him, and ambition for any high or noble purpose was altogether out of the question, while his desire for acquiring money was unbounded. A love for the "root of all evil" had evidently been planted in his heart while in youth, and the shoot that had sprung from this seed had "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." Some of the villagers had even gone so far as to say that he would not hesitate to take other means to obtain money, than those held out as right and just, both by the laws of God and man. Certain it was, that he had never paid any particular attention to Miss Hitty, until he had heard it hinted that she was to be Mr. Ruggles' heir. Of his birth and parentage no one had any information, and he was always very studious to avoid any mention of the subject, and never appeared free to converse upon his former life. He had managed to keep his place in the village school, by the assistance of a few persons whose favor he had gained, and in whose praise he was very profuse.

When he made his appearance at "Old Rugg's," the next evening after the downfall of Hitty's hopes, on one of his love visits, he found the *blooming* and *beautiful* maiden in a fit of deep melancholy, and tenderly inquired the cause. She readily and without any hesitation whatever, informed him of the events of the preceding day, and confided to him her fears as to the effect they would have upon her welfare. Mr. Black, (for that was his name,) sympathized deeply with her in her troubles, and expressed a great deal of surprise at the course the old gentleman had pursued.

#### CHAPTER II.

Time passed on—years rolled by, and the infant Helen had grown to a lovely lass of nine or ten years, during which time her mother had resided but a few miles from the village, and employed her time in attending upon the sick, and administering to the wants of the afflicted, and so diligent was her search for, and attention to the needy and suffering, that she soon received the name of "The Nurse," and her ability and skill in that capacity was known far and wide. She had in the meantime ascertained that her daughter had fallen into good hands, and therefore did not attempt to see her, knowing that her presence would serve but to bring her troubles to her mind afresh. She soon, however, began to have calls from the village to attend upon the sick, and one call succeeded another until the most of her time was spent among the villagers, from whom she received the appellation of "The Village Nurse." Here, she had an opportunity of daily seeing her daughter. She was a lovely lass, and as fair and beautiful a child as ever claimed New England for her birth-place, and as she advanced in years, her mind expanded with increasing vigor, convincing judgment, talent and vivacity that would have done honor to a person of riper years. Her appearance was beautiful, and her manner at once winning and attractive. Her eyes were of a jet black, over which sat a noble forehead of abalaster whiteness, which contrasted strongly with the luxuriant tresses of dark hair that hung waving round her head, and in curls down her neck and over her shoulders. There was a smile ever beaming on her face, which served but to increase her attractions, and prepossess the beholder in her favor. She moved with a graceful ease and nobleness that art can never bestow upon the human form. Added to these outward qualifications were

a mild disposition, and a temperament as placid and serene as the water of a lake when sleeping quietly and unruffled by the winds and storms. Yet there was something in her searching eye that told of a spirit of bold daring yet slumbering in her bosom, which would in time expand to a degree, that would readily rebuke provocation of too bold a nature, and resent any insult that might ever be offered her. Her guardian always took great delight in dressing her to the utmost extent of her childish gratification, and lavished upon her all the fondness of a parent. Thus she grew up, the pet of Mr. Ruggles, and respected and beloved by her whole circle of acquaintance, which was very large, for there was scarcely a resident of the village but what knew Helen, the foundling, and each one had a word of kind greeting whenever they met her, which was received by her with a smile of pleasure, and returned in a manner so courteous, that she soon won the affections of all who knew her. As she grew older, and was informed of the fact of her being a foundling, and perhaps an orphan, without a relative upon earth and when she allowed herself to reflect upon these things, a shade of deep melancholy would settle upon her brow, and her feelings were any thing but pleasant. She often wished she had a mother, for Hitty took every occasion to manifest her hatred for her, when she could do it unobserved by others, and she would very often before she was aware of it find herself in tears whenever she reflected upon her situation.

Time rolled on. She was now somewhat advanced in her teens, and the glow of childhood was fast deepening into the darker tints of the discretion and judgment of womanhood. A distemper broke out in the village, of an alarming character, which prostrated many of the inhabitants upon beds of sickness, and a great number of deaths occurred in consequence of this disease. Mrs. Anson was as usual at her post, attending upon the sick, and supplying their wants. She moved about even amid the worst cases, of the disease, without taking it herself. It was that distressing complaint called the "Black Tongue," from which few that are attacked with it ever recover. It raged violently, sweeping the aged, the middle-aged, the aspiring youth, and the smiling infant, alike into the grave. Many were the hearths that were made desolate by the loss of one, two, three, and sometimes, more members of a family, during the prevalence of this epidemic. At last, when it had nearly abated, Mrs. Anson, worn down with excessive toil and watchings, was taken sick, and the kind attentions were paid to her which she had so long bestowed upon others. Her labor, together with the trouble and sorrow which had weighed upon her spirits, brought her very low, and from her first attack she felt convinced that she should not long survive, and there was but one thing that created in her mind a desire to live any longer; that was the welfare of her daughter. When she found that her strength was daily failing her, she sent for Helen, and disclosed to her the fact that she was her mother, and related the story of her life that we have given in the preceding chapter. This was a new era in Helen's life. She had a mother; and she now watched by her bedside both night and day, scarcely allowing herself sufficient rest to satisfy the demands of nature. But her watchings were soon at an end. Her mother grew worse, and worse, till death came to her relief. She died reclining in the arms of her daughter, with a prayer on her lips, for the guiding hand of Providence to direct her through life. For

a while, Helen's grief was unbounded. She had found her mother, but to lose her, and the recollections of the sufferings she had undergone, served but to heighten the tempest of her grief.

Many supposed that Mrs. Anson's disease, was the same that had so recently prevailed in the village, and it was thought advisable to bury her as soon as practicable, and much against the wishes of Helen, the funeral was to take place on the same afternoon of the day on which she died. Notwithstanding the supposition that her disease was contagious, the Church where the funeral was held, was filled to overflowing. In consequence of yielding for some time to the prayers and entreaties of Helen not to remove the corpse, it was late before the procession reached the Church, and twilight was fast succeeding the setting sun, before the service was over. Here was a solemn and impressive scene which is seldom witnessed—a funeral in the twilight of evening, and a burial by moonlight. Although the corpse was followed by one mourner only—the lonely Helen—each one felt that they had lost a friend that was dear to them, for she had long been their ministering angel, and the fact of her being the mother of Helen, increased, if possible their respect for the deceased. The hymn was given out, and sung with a solemnity that awed the congregation, and the prayer that followed seemed to come from a heart of divine fulness. The sermon which immediately succeeded was impressive and eloquent, and the eulogy upon the life and character of the deceased, left scarcely a dry eye in the house. The service over, the procession moved to the grave by the dim light afforded by the rising moon, and the remains of this once loved and lovely, but broken-hearted being were consigned to the silent tomb. Helen remained weeping over the grave of her mother, till the assemblage had all dispersed, and she was left alone, with nought to solace but the knowledge that she died a Christian. The death of Mrs. Anson was severely felt for a long time, and the impression which her death, and the funeral scene had made upon the minds of the people was more lasting and effective than any death that had occurred during the prevalence of the late sickness.

A few days after Mrs. Anson's death, there came a man to Mr. Ruggles in search of employment, and as his servant had been numbered with those who were swept away by the sickness, he gave him a situation, and as he takes an active part in the closing scenes of this story, it may be well to give a short description of him. His dress and manners together gave him the appearance of being a very *verdant* specimen of humanity, but whether he was in reality as verdant as he appeared, remains to be seen. His pantaloons, which were of a dark gray color, extended nearly half way from his knees to his ankles, at which point they tapered off to as small a compass as would admit the passage of his feet whenever he had occasion to take them off or put them on, while at the top they gave evidence of a "dissolution of co-partnership by mutual consent and agreement," between them and his fire-red vest, over which dangled the ends of a cravat, a shade or two darker than that of his vest. His coat was of a dark brown, the skirts of which were but little more than a couple of hand breadths in length; on the front of which was mounted two rows of buttons of unsullied brightness. To crown all, or rather, on the crown of all, was placed a beaver, in a slanting position, the rim of which would measure nearly two inches in width, and the crown, to correspond, resembled very much an old

fashioned Church steeple. In this singular costume he made his appearance before Mr. Ruggles, and as we have before stated, obtained a situation. His course of conduct, for a long time, indicated that he really was as green as his appearance intimated. By degrees, however, he became initiated into the arts and mysteries of "town life," and was soon quite an adept in all the crooks and turns, enough so to show that he had been "broken in." He was faithful, and gained the entire confidence of his employer, and that, to an extent, that no one ever before had. Indeed, the old gentleman ever permitted him to carry the key to his money chest, which if report was true, was no very small privilege for it was said to contain a large amount of money. There was but one thing about Obadiah, (for that was the name by which he was called,) that created any suspicion as to his honesty, and that was the fact that he was frequently gone from home for a day or so, and never appeared willing to tell where he had been, or what had been the nature of his business. But this was not enough to create in Mr. Ruggles' mind a sufficient distrust of Obadiah to keep him from entrusting to him all his secrets.

Mr. Black, who still visited Hitty, when he saw the partiality exhibited by Mr. Ruggles towards Obadiah, had greater cause than ever to fear that his fondest hopes were doomed to wither in the bud. He saw plainly that the old gentleman's affections were fixed upon Obadiah and Helen, and thought of course that where his affections were, there would his property go also. He, however with his "dearly beloved" Hitty, continued to hope that some change favorable to themselves, would take place, but two years passed, and as there was no appearance of any change, they put their heads together to contrive some means by which they could receive a "benefit." The story will show what their schemes were.

There had been several robberies perpetrated in the village and its vicinity, of so bold a nature, as to fill the minds of the people with amazement, and those that had property of any value began to take measures for its more perfect security. Mr. Ruggles thinking that the place in which his chest was deposited, was hardly secure, looked around for a more safe place of deposite; but as he found none to suit him, he concluded to bury it. A short distance from the house was a knoll, covered with trees, and in some places thickly spread with under-brush. He thought this was the best place he knew of, and a hole was dug for its reception, where under the cover of night, and unbeknown to any but the household, the chest was removed by its owner with the assistance of Obadiah.

This is no love story but it is not to be supposed that a girl of Helen Anson's spirit and beauty should have no admirers, and this story as a history of the Anson family, must necessarily relate all the principal events immediately relating to them.

William Edwards had long been an admirer and a lover of Helen's, which love was as fully returned by her as it was freely given by him. He was an amiable and interesting youth, and withal quite a favorite of Mr. Ruggles', and therefore was thought to stand the best chance of winning Helen's hand which made him quite an object of envy by some of the village beaux, but notwithstanding all this he had not a real enemy in the whole circle of his acquaintance, for his character and manners were of that lofty stamp calculated to win the confidence and esteem of friends, and the respect of enemies. He possessed a truly noble heart, which was well

worthy of the lovely and confiding being to whom it was devoted. Helen had now laid aside her mourning weeds, after having worn them an unusual length of time, and *appeared* to be the same lively being that she ever had been, but there was a secret gnawing at her heart, and her mind was filled with unpleasant feelings, whenever, she reflected upon the incidents related to her by her mother, and she often wept over the memory of the sufferings which she had endured. The knowledge too, that her father was one of the mountain banditti, that were roaming over the land, striking terror to the inhabitants of the country wherever they appeared, was no very consoling reflection. But time, the soother of all grief, had effaced in some degree, these disagreeable feelings, and her liveliness and vivacity, was in a manner resumed. She had consented to become the bride of William Edwards, and to gratify her guardian and protector, the wedding was to take place on the eighteenth anniversary of her being found at his door. As the happy day drew nigh, extensive preparations were making for the wedding to which a very large number of the villagers had been invited, and Mr. Ruggles looked forward with pleasure to the day when Helen should be united to one whom he considered every way worthy of her.

Mr. Black and Hitty had not been idle during this time; neither had they relaxed one effort to secure the success of their schemes. Their ardor increased with the rising of every sun, and cooled not the least at its setting. Helen's wedding drew near, which would frustrate all their plans unless carried into execution before that day arrived, as she was to have her portion settled upon her on that day, which would, in all probability be the greater part of the old gentleman's property. Mr. Black persuaded Hitty, after a deal of entreaty, to inform him where the "mint" was deposited, and succeeded in convincing her that it was but just and right that they should possess themselves of a good share of its contents, and when they had obtained it, to leave the place, and settle in some distant country, to enjoy the pleasures of life, and the gratifications which their money would purchase, unmolested. They had agreed to attempt the execution of their plan on the night of the wedding, while the people were listening to the performance, and there would be little danger of their being detected.

It may seem strange, but true it is, that there was another party meditating an attack upon Mr. Ruggles' coffers upon the same day and hour, but each one's plans were unknown to the other party. The last named was no other than the mountain banditti, spoken of in the commencement of this story, of which Charles Anson was the leader.

The preparations for the wedding had been fully completed, and the evening arrived. The company had all assembled at the appointed hour, even the Minister, who is frequently the last to make his appearance on such occasions. Helen had strolled forth just at twilight, to meditate and commune with the God of nature, whose works she loved to gaze upon, and admire. So intense were her meditations, that she had unconsciously wandered on till the shadows of twilight had faded away into night, and she was at some distance from the house, when she heard the village clock strike the hour appointed for the performance of the ceremony. She immediately turned her steps, and hastened homeward, tripping lightly over the ground, and by the way of shortening the distance, she crossed the knoll, where the much sought treasure of Mr.

Ruggles was deposited. Just as she came up to the spot, she was stopped, and a handkerchief was rudely thrust into her mouth, to prevent her screaming, and she was hurried away by the mountain bandits, who had already secured the contents of the chest. They had but just had time to get out of hearing distance, when Hitty and her paramour made their appearance at the grave of this much-sought treasure, with implements for its re-interment. But great was their surprise and disappointment at finding the chest empty, and swept, though not exactly garnished to their own liking.

All was confusion in the house of Mr. Ruggles—some were sent this way, and some that, in search of the bride, but all returned with the same success—she was nowhere to be found. The bridegroom for a while frantic with grief at the thought of losing the cherished idol of his heart, and the circumstance of her disappearance being enveloped in an undefinable mystery heightened the poignancy of his distress, and his cup of happiness was dashed to the earth just as he was raising it to his lips.

Mr. Black and Hitty whose disappointment had wrought them up to such a pitch of anger, that they determined to revenge themselves on some one, when they heard of Helen's mysterious disappearance, immediately resolved to turn this fact to their own advantage. Under pretence of walking out for pleasure, they reported that having arrived near the buried chest, they heard persons engaged in earnest conversation, and on their nearer approach, to their horror, beheld Helen in company with several persons just retreating from the chest, which when they reached they found empty. True enough, Helen left in company with the robbers just before they arrived, but then they never saw her, nor had they the least suspicion that she had been near there, but they invented this base fabrication, making it look as plausible as possible, in the vain hope of prejudicing the minds of the people, against Helen, and turning such prejudice to their own advantage. It is unnecessary to say that this story was credited only by very few of the villagers, and it was treated by Mr. Ruggles and William with scorn, and with a feeling that bade the slanderers beware how they let their lying tongues tamper with the fair fame of one they held so dear. So incensed was Mr. Ruggles that he immediately forbade Mr. Black the privilege of visiting his house, and discharged Hitty from his services. They soon left the village together, but where they went, few knew, and less cared. The idea that Helen, "the loved and lost," who had been brought up, and lived for years among them, and had scarce ever, created an enemy from the whole of her acquaintance, was not for a moment harbored by her friends. On the contrary, they feared that some calamity had befallen her and all felt anxious for her safety.

During the hubbub and confusion caused by the disappearance of Helen and the money chest, Obadiah took occasion to leave Mr. Ruggles, without leaving word where he had gone, or why he went. His absence was very little noticed by the family, their attention being entirely engrossed with the mysterious disappearance of Helen and the money chest.

[Concluded in our next.]

**I**O **U** are the vowels which create more disagreeable sensations in the minds of honest men, than all the rest of the alphabet put together.

### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

#### SUICIDE.

THOUGH Death is indeed at all times, and under any circumstance distressing, it becomes peculiarly so, when inflicted by the act of man upon himself. To follow to the grave, one so sick and wearied of the world, that his own hand severed the thread which bound him to it; is solemnly interesting, and we are naturally led to inquire why, with the gifts of God so profusely scattered around us, there should be those who perceive so little "form, or comeliness," in all that is created, that rather than live on through life's variegated scenes, they would at once "unbidden, rush" suddenly into another world, and bide the issue of so rash an act! I know not how this cometh to pass, but so it has been since the days of Judas; as if there were not "deaths enough in Egypt," but man must fall a victim to his own misguided feelings.

The self-murderer pauses, not to think of the consequences of the deed, nor of the effect it is destined to have on others, no matter though a helpless parent be dependent on him for her every want, though an affectionate sister looks to him as her only guide through an unfriendly world; for them he hesitates not; some freak of passion, or perchance of disappointed affection, goads him on to madness: and exclaiming "it is better for me to die than to live," he launches suddenly from time into eternity, and seals with his own hand, his destiny forever!

Society awards premiums to the inventors of useful arts, and the discoverer of Homœopathy is almost sainted in the calendar of his followers; what praise then is extravagant—what need too bountiful to bestow upon the philanthropist, who shall cause suicide to cease from among us! History makes mention of a Persian king, who on a night in which he could not sleep commanded to bring the books of the record of the chronicles, and they were read before the king—and it was found written therein, that one Mordecai, had, on a certain time previous saved the life of his sovereign. Whereupon the king enquired, "what honor and dignity hath been conferred on Mordecai for this"—and the servants replied, "there is nothing done for him." Then the king commanded, and they arrayed Mordecai in royal apparel, with the crown royal set upon his head, and putting him upon the king's own horse, conducted him through the streets, while the people proclaimed before him, "thus shall it be done unto the man, whom the king delighteth to honor!"

Like that ancient king it chanced with me, that on a sleepless night, I took into my hand not the records of the Persian chronicles; but the invaluable "Rural Repository," which has ever proved a talisman against ennui and a charm to dispel "horrors," and found in the eighth number of the present volume, among some "Fragments of Thought," a preventive to suicide! Yes, the brilliant "emanations" of a "Reflector's mind," have more than hinted that those huge artificials, donned by "Heaven's last best gift," and which by some have been likened, (if not to a camel,) to the old man on Sinbad's back: serve "to obviate the suicidal influences, which might result from an exposure of the faultless symmetry of nature!" Surely this is "glad tidings of great joy!" an end to suicide! Go on, ye fair ones in your work of benevolence, let no false delicacy induce you to lessen the bulk

of mercy! But what honor and dignity hath been conferred on the "Reflector," for searching into *hidden things*? And echo answers, what! If the despised Jew, who saved the life of a heathen king, was promoted to honor, how much greater reward should be yielded to the "Reflector," whose "opposing mind," and "bold ideas," perchance has saved the lives of many! "I pause for a reply."

REFLECTIVE.

### BIOGRAPHY.



ROBERT BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre  
With ardent grasp and strong,  
And made his soul of fire  
Dissolve itself in song.

ROBERT BURNS, a poet of whom Scotland has reason to be proud, though her scanty patronage of him ought to make her blush, was the son of a small farmer and gardener, and was born near Ayr, in 1759. Some education he received, and he acquired the French language and practical mathematics. Reading was his delight, and every leisure moment was devoted to it. The perusal of some of the best English poets gave him a taste for poetry, and love inspired him to pour forth his feelings in verse. At his outset in life, Burns was engaged in the labors of agriculture. He then became a flax dresser, at Irvine; but his premises were destroyed by fire. In conjunction with his younger brother, he next took a small farm, and in this also he was unsuccessful. Fortune now seemed resolved to thwart all his wishes; for a female whom he loved, was refused to him by her parents, and he was at once in danger from the kirk and the magistrate. In this situation, he resolved to print his poems, for the purpose of raising some money, and then to seek his fortune in the West Indies, as an assistant overseer. His passage was actually engaged when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, recommending a visit to Edinburgh, put an end to his scheme of emigration. In the Scottish capital his poems had excited universal admiration. Brighter prospects thus opened upon him. For more than twelve months he remained in Edinburgh, invited, feasted, praised, and caressed, by the fair and the great: at length, with the sum of five hundred pounds, the produce of his poems, he withdrew to the country, married the object of his affection, took a farm, and also obtained the office of exciseman. Of all the offices which could have been given to him, this was the most unsuitable. It is marvelous that none of his professing and powerful friends saw the disgrace and ridicule of suffering their favorite bard to be thus degraded. Among the numerous places, either sinecures or of little labor, which are so lavishly distributed, one might surely have been conferred on him whom the Scotch delighted to honor! No effort, however, appears to have been made in his behalf. For three years and a half he strove to derive a subsistence from his farm. But his con-

firmed habits of intemperate conviviality, and other circumstances, forbade success; and he was at length compelled to give up his lease, remove to Dumfries, and depend upon his profession of an exciseman. While he was occupied in watching stills and hunting smugglers, and, at the same time laboring under disease and dejection, he wrote his admirable songs, for Thompson's Collection. Worn out with vexation, and the consequences of his love of inebriating liquors, he died on the 26th of July, 1796, leaving his wife and family in an unprovided state. A subscription made by his friends, and the profits arising from an edition of his works, raised his family above want; and a splendid monument has, within these few years, been erected to his memory. Humor, pathos, vivid imagery, energy, and no small share of elegance, distinguish the poems of Burns. His prose, though sometimes overstrained, is flowing and full of spirit. In conversation, too, which is not always the case with men of genius, he fully sustained the character which he had acquired by his writings.

## MISCELLANY.

## CHARACTER OF THE DUTCH.

It is well known that a habit prevails almost every where of underrating and disparaging Dutch character and Dutchmen. Nothing testifies more unequivocally the ignorance and prejudice of those who indulge in this habit. England is called the mother country; if those whose ancestors emigrated from her shores, are proud of their origin, much more reason have those who are descendants of the burgomasters of Holland, to be proud of theirs. Holland, though occupying a territory not larger than the state of Maryland, was the first among the nations of Europe to take a stand in favor of liberty, and single-handed, bravely maintained a sixty years' war in its defence, against the greatest odds. At a time when France and England were yet enveloped in bigotry and superstition, Holland had achieved for herself civil and religious freedom, and opened her bosom as an asylum for the oppressed Huguenots; while others, the pilgrim fathers, sought refuge from persecution in the wilds of America. Holland for a time took the lead of all the surrounding nations in commerce, in science, in arts, and in arms. For the invention of the Telescope, Microscope, Thermometer, Pendulum, Gunpowder and Printing, the world is indebted to the Dutch.

## LONDON AND PARIS.

PROFESSOR Durbin, in his work on Europe, says that the first impression of London is usually wonder at its immensity. When the stranger first leaves the river and plunges into the thronged streets, he absolutely becomes dizzy in the whirl of busy life around him. Men sweep by him in masses. At times, the way seems wedged with them. Wagons, carts, omnibuses, hacks and coaches block up the avenues, and make it quite an enterprise to cross them. Every day, says Professor D. my amazement increased at the extent, the activity, the wealth of London. The impression was totally different from that of Paris. The French capital strikes one as the seat of human enjoyment. We find the art of life, so far as mere physical good is concerned, in perfection there. No wish need be ungratified. Your taste may be indulged with the finest music the most fascinating spectacles, the

most splendid works of art in the world. You may eat and drink when and where you please. In half an hour, almost any delicacy that earth has produced or art invented, is set before you. You may spend days and weeks in visiting her museums, her hospitals, her gardens, her cemeteries, her libraries, her palaces, and yet remain unsatisfied.

In London, every thing is different. Men are active, but it is in pursuit of wealth. In general, they do not seem to enjoy life. The arts are cultivated to a small extent by a small class of society, while the mass seem hardly to know that arts exist. Except a few lions—the docks, the tunnel, Westminster Abbey, &c. nearly every thing that the city has to show a stranger, can be seen as you ride along the streets. When you leave Paris, you have just begun to enjoy it, and would like to return again. You leave London, convinced indeed of its vastness and wealth, but tired of gazing at its dingy buildings and thronged streets, and satisfied without another visit.

## A NATIVE AMERICAN JOKE.

AN Irishman who had emigrated to "these parts," found here a wife, and was blessed, in due course of time, with a family. His eldest son, Patrick, having been born on *Liberty's soil*, deemed himself a Native American, and as such joined the procession of the *Natives*. His father saw him in the ranks, and became enraged. When Pat came home to get his dinner, his father seized him by the collar, and raising the cow-hide over his head, exclaimed—

" I'll tache ye how to oppose yer parents, and to be perambulating the streets with them Natives," and down came the cow-hide with savage severity.

Pat, somewhat disconcerted, ran from the house, and narrated the tale of his woes—adding in conclusion—

" I don't mind the licking, but the idea of being whipped by a *rascally foreigner* is more than I can stand!"

## CONVERSATIONS.

*Bill.*—" Have you got a dollar Sam?"

*Sam.*—" No, I hain't, Bill, that's a fact—if it would save your life."

*Bill.*—" 'Cause Jim Thorn wanted me to pay you one, and I've got nothin' smaller than a two."

*Sam.*—" O, ah!—Well, perhaps I can find just one, come to think of it, that I didn't spend this mornin' for wood." Sam searched his wallet found his dollar, and handed it to Bill.

*Bill.*—" Putting the dollar in his pocket—" Well now, that's clever—I'll hand you the *two* the very next time we meet, if I happen to have so much on hand—I've got *one* towards it any how."

## A WEDDING RIDE.

HORSES were scarce at the first settlement of this country. It is not recorded that they were introduced into the Plymouth Colony until about twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims, but the young folks would have their ride notwithstanding. When John Alden was married—and John Alden was a great man in his day—and a worshipful magistrate and counsellor withal, and a great favorite with the ladies, insomuch that he made nothing at all of cutting out the renowned Captain Standish, who cut down the Indians like stubble—when John Alden was married, there was a great carrying on about Cape Cod, where he went and won the Captain's intended, Miss Priscilla Mullens, the great

belle of the Cape and Colony. He was determined to do the thing in style, as became a gentleman; so he put a ring in his bull's nose, covered his back with a piece of broad cloth, mounted and rode to the wedding. Miss Priscilla might well be proud of such a husband; and to prove herself worthy of him, she resolutely mounted the bull at the moving home, and ambled along without fear, while her gallant spouse led him by the nose, and walked proudly by the side of his valuables. The gentleman who led, and the lady who rode, were the ancestors of some of the best families in the country, including members of Congress, heads of colleges, and two Presidents of the United States.—*Exeter News Letter.*

THE EDITORIAL PROFESSION.—A Scotch writer, who seems to have had some experience to qualify him for speaking on the subject, says, "if you have not chosen a profession, do not become an editor. Beg—take the pack—keep lodgers—take up a school—set up a mangle—take in washing. For humanity's sake, and especially your own, do anything rather than become a newspaper editor."

PRETTY GOOD.—An Irish travelling merchant, alias a pedler, asked an itinerant poultreter the price of a pair of fowls.

" Six shillings sir."

" In my own dear country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence apiece."

" Why don't you remain in your own dear country then?"

" Case we have no sixpences, my jewel," said Pat.

## Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1845.

THE story which we publish in our present number, entitled "The Bandit's Daughter," is the production of a young "Typo" who is yet an apprentice, in a neighboring village. His articles are well written for one so young, and evince a talent that promises to improve with age. We hope to hear from him often.

## Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

O. S. West, Almond, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Rodman, N. Y. \$2.00; E. C. Millport, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss E. E. South Trenton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cedarville, N. Y. \$2.00; J. V. S. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; R. P. South Hartwick, Vt. \$0.50; S. E. Dublin, Ia. \$1.00; H. D. S. Wallbury, Pa. \$1.00; J. T. M. South Lee, Ms. \$1.00; W. G. New York City, \$2.00; P. M. Mt. Vernon, Me. \$4.00.



In this city, on the 5th inst. at the residence of N. A. Spaulding, by the Rev. E. Crawford, Mr. John Pulver, of Livingston, to Miss Mary Ann Collins, of Freehold.

On the 13th, by the Rev. E. Deyoe, Mr. Martin Arnold to Miss Catharine Henry, all of Ghent.

Jan. 23d, by the Rev. M. L. Fuller, at Chatham 4 Corners, Mr. Ambrose Poucher, of Claverack, to Miss Margaret Ann Bagley, of Hillsdale.

At Coxsackie, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Seuris, Mr. Jesse Vanzile, of the city of Troy, to Miss Mary A. Bacon, of Cahoes.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. E. Deyoe, Mr. James Deming, to Miss Euphemia Francis Jacobin, of Claverack.



In Livingston, on the 11th inst. Catharine Hoot, wife of Henry Hoot, Esq. in the 43d year of her age.

In Hillsdale, Feb. 3d, William J. son of William and Ann Eliza Abel, aged 8 years.

At Livingston, on the 8th inst. John W. Weaver, aged 86 years.

At New-York, very suddenly, Col. Dwight, of Stockbridge, Mass., an eminent Lawyer, and formerly a Member of Congress, from Berkshire co.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## BEAUTIFUL SUPERSTITION.

"Near the mountain of Jerendib, in the island of Ceylon, anciently, there grew a cypress, one leaf of which fell off in a thousand years. Whoever could procure and eat this leaf—no matter how old and decrepid he might be, immediately experienced rejuvenescence and became again youthful."

"Twas the still hour of eve, and o'er the Ocean-Isle,  
The crimson clouds were fading gloriously,  
And the hushed earth seemed all-entranced, the while—  
The incense-winds slept listless o'er the sea.  
No breath crept through the clustering leaves—  
So wrapt and motionless; the gentle flowers,  
Closed silently to woo the evening breeze,  
Which erst had lulled them in their fadeless bower;  
And silence reigned, as if a spirit's wing—  
Had shadowed each lone isle and living thing.

List! list! the breath of the Omnipotent! the leaves—  
Are stirring now with slow and solemn sound—  
Like viewless wings, the while some angel grieves—  
O'ermorts in their fever-dreams, and fond hopes, found,  
But to be blighted. How Old Ocean's waves,  
Leap at the sound, and send up their white foam,  
Amid the dirge of waters, o'er the graves—  
Where sleep the loved—the lost—"till the Archangel come,  
Whose trump shall sound "*And Time shall be no more!*"  
Awakes the dreamer on Death's silent shore.

Hark! Hark! What means that shout? A mighty train—  
Seems gathering to the shadowy cypress tree,  
The winds! the winds! *His Hand* who holds the main,  
Unfurls the spirit-winds, and they are free.  
It comes! It comes! And with the rushing wind,  
The sea of heads falls backward, while the war  
Of elements, and mighty voices, find  
The deep-toned thunder of the sounding shore;  
Giant of centuries! The winds arise!  
It comes! It comes! seems echoing from the skies,  
The eye of Age is upward turned—the hair—  
Silvery and thin, steals down the furrowed cheek,  
The hands are clasped in agony of prayer—  
That prayer the full heart may not—dare not speak,  
And youth is there—the bright and buoyant blush—  
Of manhood with its ever-glorious dreams:  
And forms, the fair and beautiful; the flush  
Of Hope is o'er them all; and sunny gleams,  
Of life and youth come to the dying then,  
With visions of his childhood's hours again.

The branches sway yet heavily, and now  
That mighty Host awnuit all silently,  
With eager, breathless awe and upraised brow,  
Turned to the trembling leaves of that dark tree.  
The leaf! It falls! Bursts forth like battle cry;  
The rush—the demon-strength—the deadly strife,  
The last fierce shout of fearful victory—  
"On to the Rescue! To Eternal Life!"  
Ascends above the roar, but from on High  
A voice is heard—"All men are doomed to die."  
*Chatham, Jan. 1845.*

HARRIET.

For the Rural Repository.

## TO CLARISSA.\*

The rolling year is speeding on,  
To bear the sighing tale  
Of fun'ral knells, of palls, and deaths,  
Within the past's dark veil.  
How many 'round are struggling with  
The toils of life's career;  
And seem impotent to outstrip  
The swiftly passing year!  
Why, lady, tired of earthly bliss?  
Why languish life away  
Without a murmur or a sigh?  
Hast thou no wish to stay?  
Do spring flowers bloom no more for thee?  
Hath Autumn's beauties fled?  
Are summer songs, and summer bowers,  
And summer friendships dead?

Lady, in youth I saw the rose,  
Play on thy healthful face;—  
Thy lively looks, thy full dark eye,  
Thy step of buoyant grace.

I saw too clustering 'round thy smile,  
Elastic beauty's power;  
To thee unknown, yet stealing oft  
My thoughts in absent hour.

But now how changed! thy form is frail,  
No blending flowers bloom  
Upon thy cheek, thy faint'ring step  
Seems downward to the tomb.

The traces of thy sunny youth,  
Are scattered; and I see  
Nought but thy spirit beaming eyes,  
That tells me, it is thee.

Lady I fear thou'l lend thy life  
To the bright flow'rs of spring;  
That 'round thy early grave they'll bloom,  
And tearful fragrance bring.

I fear the early birds will break  
Their cheering vernal lay,  
And blend it with the searching knell  
That marks thy burial day.

Lady 'mid foes or friendship's smiles,  
In ease or conquering care,  
Disease, or health, in death or life,  
Indulge a faithful prayer!

That thy life's lamp be not exposed  
To the rude blast of death!  
May angels first thy spirit charm,  
Then calmly hush thy breath.

FIDES.

February, 1845.

• A lady in ill health.



For the Rural Repository.

## A WINTER EVENING AT HOME.

BY ARTHUR DE VERE.

WITHOUT oh, 'tis a stormy night  
The snow-flakes thickly fall;  
Within, the fire is blazing bright  
And shines upon the wall.

The boys are playing spelling school;  
The little ones at rest,  
Their cup of earthly bliss is full  
Oh, happiest of the blest!

For they shall dream the live long hours  
That summer birds have come,  
That fields are green and fragrant flow'rs  
Bloom round their pleasant home.

Well, let them dream! and Tabby grey,  
Upon the rug she lies,  
And Rover brave, so fond of play  
A corner occupies.

Now sister reads some useful book,  
And mother knits the while,  
How kind and cheerful is her look!  
And winning is her smile.

But hoary age is creeping on,  
Her locks are thin and grey,  
And she will pass from earth anon  
But patient waits her day.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The clock strikes nine—the hour has come  
To bow in solemn prayer,  
And crave God's blessing on our home—  
Commit us to his care.

Home, home, dear home! to thee I'm wed!  
Sweet joys canst thou impart!  
Ay—sweet as the balm of Gilead  
Unto a wounded heart.

Cassville, N. Y. 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

## MY BIRTH PLACE.

BY A LADY OF OHIO.

My birth place! Oh my birth place!  
The house beneath the hill,  
The moss upon its sloping roof,  
The tinkling of its till,  
And the artificial waterfall  
That turned my little mill.

My birth place with its spreading tree,

Its parlor windows low,  
The door that opened to the South,  
Thro' which I used to go,  
And the creeper climbing to the top—  
And hanging over so.

I dreamed of it—my birth place!

And went again to see  
The moss upon its sloping roof,  
The shadow of its tree—  
Alas! that only in my dream  
That pleasant sight should be!  
Decay had left it desolate  
Its pleasant tree was gone,  
The mossy roof had fallen in,  
The rose was over grown,  
And the creeper tangled with the weed  
Across the stepping stone.

The bank on which I knelt to drink,  
The grass I used to fling,  
My satchel and my cap upon,  
Were seared and withering,  
And the trunk was broke that led away,  
The water from the spring.  
I would not pass the broken door,  
And sadly turned to stray,  
Where leaped my little waterfall,  
But that was swept away,  
And the softgreen meadow had been ploughed  
In which I used to stray.

My birth place! Oh, my birth place!  
I never more may see,  
The happy hours my childhood saw  
Beneath your spreading tree!  
I would I were as innocent  
As there I used to be!

## The oldest Literary Paper in the United States.

## RURAL REPOSITORY,

Vol. 24, Commencing Aug. 31, 1844.

EACH NUMBER EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

Price \$1—Clubs from 50 to 75 Cents.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. The first Number of the Twenty-First Volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY will be issued on Saturday the 31st of August, 1844.

"The Rural Repository" is a neat and elegant semi-monthly Periodical, published in the City of Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. and which we believe is the oldest literary paper in the United States; and while it has made no very great pretensions to public favor, it is far better than those publications who boast long and loud of their claims to public patronage. Amid the fluctuations of the world, and the ups and downs of the periodical press, for nearly a score of years this little miscellany has pursued "the even tenor of its way," scattering its sweets around, and increasing in interest and popularity, and our readers will, of course, infer, that if it had no merit it would have shuffled off this mortal coil "long time ago."

## CONTINUED.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, containing twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. One or more engravings, and also portrait of some distinguished person, will embellish each number; consequently it will be one of the neatest, cheapest, and best literary papers in the country.

## THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

ONE DOLLAR per annum, invariably in advance. We have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th volumes, and any one sending for the 21st volume, can have as many copies of either of the volumes as they wish, at the same rate.

## Clubs! Clubs!! Clubs!!!

All those who will send us the following amounts in one remittance, shall receive as stated below, viz:

FIFTY	Copies for \$25.00	Twenty	Copies for \$13.00
do.	\$22.00	Fifteen	do. \$10.00
Thirty-Five	\$20.00	Ten	do. \$7.00
do.	\$18.00	Seven	do. \$5.00
Twenty-Four	\$15.00	Four	do. \$3.00

To those who send us \$5.00, we will give the 18th Volume, (gratis) and for \$7.00, their choice of either the 18th or 19th Volumes; for \$10.00, the 18th and 19th Volumes; for \$13.00, their choice of two out of the 18th, 19th and 20th Volumes; and for \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.00, and \$25.00, the whole three Volumes.

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1844.